

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

Lehigh REVIEW



Stoumen

Passing In REVIEW

• Cover Girl

We viewed faces, figures and photographs frantically. We telephoned and telegraphed. We tore all over the Lehigh valley in Frank Norris' old Ford. Pretty girls, personality, brains there were plenty. But brains and personality don't photograph, and prettiness isn't magazine cover beauty.

Down in "Brown and White" lab one evening desk-man De Beauchamp said he knew just the girl. He drove us up to Beta Kappa and got Bill Casey, red-eyed and pajamied, out of bed. On Bill's desk perched an 8x10 glossy of the girl you see at left and below. Her name is Valerie Dyer. She lives on Long Island. She's a John Powers Model. Works for a swank Manhattan dress shop. Yes, Bill was going to bring her to houseparty. And no, he wouldn't mind if we used her on the Review cover. Next morning we sent the following telegram to Miss Dyer:

page one, please

OCTOBER : 1938

IDEAL HOUSEPARTY DATE	cover, 8, 13
MEET THE BANDS	Stanley Giliinsky.... 9
TOWN GIRL (story)	Frank Norris.... 10
JELLY ROLL MORTON	Merrill Bernard.... 11
GUNS FOR FELIPE (story)	Eric Weiss.... 12
UPWARD GO (story)	David Beauchamp.... 15

Disc Data • Cartoons • Book Reviews

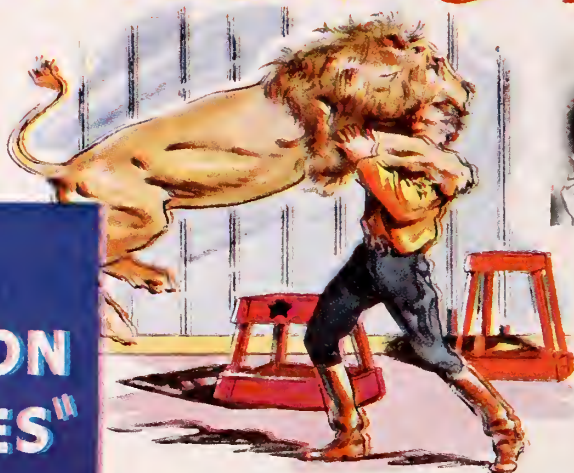
TWENTY CENTS



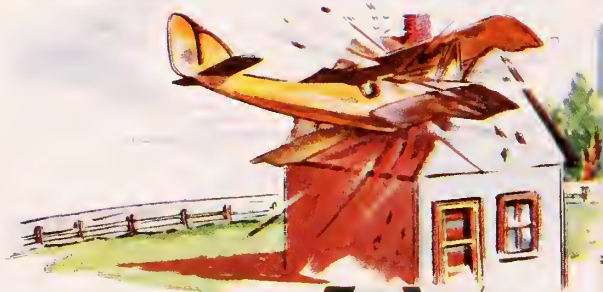
IT'S A THRILLING LIFE!

Folks who risk their lives
as a matter of course
are careful in their choice
of a cigarette. They say:

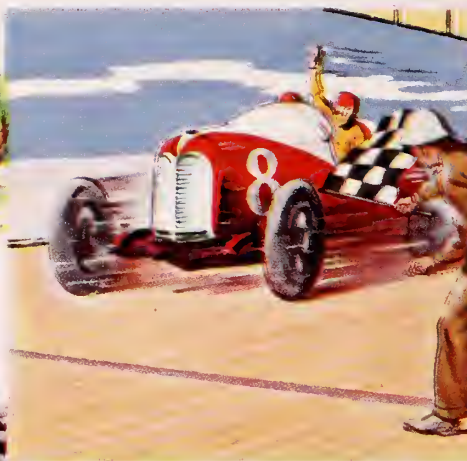
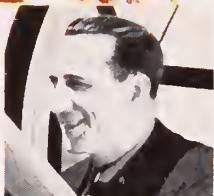
**"CAMELS
NEVER GET ON
YOUR NERVES"**



MAN THROWS LION! Mel Koontz, noted lion and tiger tamer, schools "big cats" for Hollywood films. Sketch (left) shows Mel meeting the lunge of a savage 450-pound beast. That's where nerve-power tells—as Mel *knows*! He says this: "Camels don't jangle my nerves—my mind is at rest as to that! Camels are *milder*—the natural mildness that's *grown* right in the tobacco. We animal tamers stick to Camels!"



(Right) CRASHING A PLANE through a house is the spectacular specialty of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. And, at this writing, he's done it 53 times—on movie locations, at exhibitions. Time after time, with his life actually in his hands, it's easy to understand why Pilot Frakes says: "I take every precaution to keep my nerves steady as a rock. Naturally, I'm particular about the cigarette I smoke. And you can bet my choice is Camel. I can smoke as many as I want and feel fresh; never a bit jittery or upset."



(Above) THREE TIMES Lou Meyer won the Indianapolis auto-racing classic—only driver in history to achieve this amazing triple-test of nerve control. He says: "My nerves must be every bit as sound as the motor in my racer. That's why I go for Camels. They never get on my nerves a bit. Camels take first place with me for *milanness*!"



(Left) THRILLING STUNTS for the movies! Ione Reed needs healthy nerves! Naturally, Miss Reed chooses her cigarette with care. "My nerves," she says, "must be right—and no mistake! So I stick to Camels. Even smoking Camels steadily doesn't bother my nerves. In fact, Camels give me a grand sense of comfort. And they taste so good! Stunt men and women favor Camels."

Camels are
a matchless blend
of finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS
—Turkish and
Domestic



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Meet these men who
live with tobacco from
planting to marketing—
and note the cigarette
they smoke



"Most tobacco planters I know prefer Camels," says grower Tony Strickland, "because Camel buys the fine grades of tobacco—my own and those of other growers. And Camel bids high to get these finer lots. It's Camels for me!"



Planter David E. Wells knows every phase of tobacco culture... the "inside" story of tobacco quality. "At sale after sale," he says, "Camel buys up my finest grades at top prices. It's natural for most planters like me to smoke Camels."



"I ought to know finer tobaccos make finer cigarettes," says grower John T. Caraway. "I've been smoking Camels for 23 years. Camel pays more to get my finest tobacco—many's the year. Camels are the big favorite with planters here."

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

P A S S I N G I N R E V I E W

... from the cover

RECOMMENDATION CASEY AND DEBEAUCHAMP INVITE YOU TO POSE HOUSEPARTY COVER LEHIGH REVIEW. PHOTOGRAPHER ARRIVES MANHATTAN TOMORROW.

We got there, made the shots, found Miss Dyer pure peaches, sugar and cream. Reversed window lettering behind her head on cover is first part of her firm's name, Hertha May, Inc. On pages 8 and 13 more data and pretty pictures.

• Elissa Landi

We had the fortune to dine with Miss Landi right after her smash-hit opening of Lehigh's Concert-Lecture Series in Broughal auditorium. Talented. Beautiful. Simple in taste. Brilliant. Honest enough to tell her age (34). Wow! Will Weeks (student chairman), Ed Hurst and ourself sat with her in a Sun Inn pew. Completely herself at all times, Miss Landi is no different on stage than off. Surprising. And she's not afraid to talk.

The trouble with Hollywood? Money, stupidity, censorship. The Hays Office? A racket. Big companies pay big fees and get away with morally questionable stuff on which smaller paying little companies would get caught. Hollywood can't make good pictures because it can't deal with any real problem because every real problem is bound to offend someone and Hollywood can't offend anyone. They are not filming "It Can't Happen Here" because Mussolini objects. And look what they did to "The Children's Hour." French, Russian and English pictures have it all over ours. The mogul's quarter million dollar movies-are-your-best-entertainment campaign? An admission of failure.

Miss Landi pulls no punches.

Particularly gutty was her damning of fascism. An Austrian by birth, the actress bitterly attacked the government which forced anschluss on her birthplace. Fascism means the death of culture. The exile of the great. It means war. And to we women, it means death. To the fascist a woman is but a machine for satisfying his lust, breeding his children, filling his belly.

Miss Landi ordered water and "spaghetti without dressing." Shortly following the spaghetti from the kitchen came a be-aproned embarrassed cook to say a sentence: "Good evening Miss Landi do you like the spaghetti may I have your autograph?"

• Love and Kisses Note

A junior from Richards House met a pretty girl on the beach this summer. To his summer love he wrote recently a post card. As was his habit he opened the document with "Dearest," closed with his usual "Love and Kisses." By return mail he received the following letter:

Sir Joe Jones:

We, the family, note the gallant gesture you venture to make to our little young lady, Hope. Youthful imagination roving on the banks of Neptune's domain in mid-summer created quite a fancy. That, however, does not excuse a young lad from exercising propriety in addressing an open letter to a mere child.

Must ask you to exclude Hope from that bevy of mermaids destined to grace your idle moments and perhaps

more idle brain. Decency is not incompatible with modernism. Strict honor is still in vogue.

Hope's Dad.

• Shop Talk

1.) More copies of the September *Review* (featuring McConn's smiling puss on the cover) were sold than of any other issue by a Lehigh undergrad mag. This includes the old defunct sexy Burr. Our subscription lists have jumped

30 per cent over

last term. Wherefore an editorial banzia for Henry T.S. Heckman, our business manager, and his loyal crew. The flannel-coated smirking smoothie at left is Henry.

2.) Highlight of this issue (aside from the beauty-brain on cover) is assistant editor

Frank Norris' story, "Town



H. T. S. H.

Guggenheim

Girl," on page 10. Poignant, without a trace of cheapness, Norris draws for us a portrait of Anne and her tragedy. And when we finish the story we feel that we know the girl and understand.

• Neil and "the People Themselves"

"America's No. 1, problem," recently wrote Prof. Neil Carothers in syndicated mag section "This Week," "is not the South. It is," continued the New Deal gad-fly, "the kind of government we have in Washington."

All of which is a very pithy Republican sentiment, a typical Carotherism, a forceful statement of opinion held.

But later on economist Carothers pulled a vast boner. "Our government," he wrote, "is now dominated by mass judgments on economic questions. This condition jeopardizes the welfare and even the existence of our civilization. The people themselves now make decisions . . . elect those to govern them who will do their bidding . . . and retire them if they do not follow their dictates."

Sounds suspiciously like democracy.



No problem . . .

Question: Does Dr. Carothers mean what he over, please

Passing in Review . . .

seems to say or is this really a boner?

● Plea

If your conscience twinged over Chamberlain's Czech sell-out you can sooth it somewhat by very practical means of giving cash, old clothes, moral support to the victims of Chamberlain's pro-fascist shilly-shallying. Pretty Chinese girl in picture collecting money near Times Square for relief of her people. Send aid to Chinese Non-Partisan Relief Campaign, New York City. In Bethlehem, Spanish-American Democratic Club at 523 East Third Street is collecting clothing, canned food, money, for Relief Ship to sail shortly for Spain. Contact Manuel Lorenzo, Lehigh '36, or phone Club at 9088 . . .



China Aid Stoumen

● Notes In Passing

HOT JAZZ: Though Krupa is hottest and best drummer in

swing biz, he has been playing down his own hot hides to the benefit of his new band. Latest Krupa band disc releases have very few Krupa runs. Dope is he wants to build rep for band, quiet Krupa-hogs-the-show grippers. Wise move . . . **SCHOLARSHIP:** Brighties are this year's crop of freshmen. Assistant Registrar Bohning reports placement tests, especially in English and chem, exceptionally high. Some averages 10 per cent over last year. All-time records broken. Stiffer admissions requirements the cause. Fine thing . . . **HEADLINE:** New Super-Sex Hormone Discovered at Penn State . . . **CONSUMERS' NOTE:** Two cases of serious intestinal disorder from drinking wine of a certain brand have come to our attention. A cheap, not bad-tasting wine, the stuff is apparently not harmful in small doses. Both cases we know of drank it in quantity. Not poison, but be careful. We can't tell you the brand name, because we don't want to get sued. It's one of the cheapest California vints . . . **JOURNALISM:** What price ethics? In same paper same day read two stories signed by famous Hearst correspondent Knickerbocker. One from Prague. The other from Haifa, Jerusalem. The two stories (INS wire) bore the same date line. We know a man who works on the "Times." He says such stories are often written in New York, given false origins, dates and by-lines, sent out over the wires as the real McCoy . . . **KEN PARTICLE:** Muckracking "Ken" mag is a financial bust for Esquire-Coronet, Inc. Vol. 1. No. 1. was 136 pages, had over 50 pages of advertising. Issue current as we go to press has 86 pages, only 4½ pages of paid advertising. Reason for advertising drop is vigorous editorial policy not afraid to attack political demagoguery, fake advertising claims, the movies, radio. Too Bad. Mag is pro-Spanish loyalist, anti-fascist, anti-communist. Will continue to publish, however, because "Esquire" makes enormous profits (it also supports weak-sister "Coronet"). Publisher Smart has plenty of dough. . . **LETTER BOX:** A subscriber who signs his letter only "W. R. W." tells us, in effect, that the press should be free to express opinion only when that opinion coincides with his own, ends his unpleasant letter thus: ". . . the decent thing to do would be to provide facilities for the opposing side to present its case. The fact that this letter will shortly fall under the jurisdiction of the City Sanitary department shows clearly . . ." etc. To the Richards House freshman who wrote the letter: The columns of the Review are at all times open to the expression of controversial opinion. We have no regular letter-to-the-editor department (for space and reader-interest reasons), but we should certainly accept and publish a competently written negative view on subject you suggest. Calm down and wise up.

Lehigh REVIEW



Published by Students of Lehigh University
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Printed by the Lehigh Printing Co., Bethlehem, Pa.

Editorial Board

LOUIS C. STOUMEN

Editor
Phone 3129

ERIC WEISS

JOSEPH B. BOYLE

Associate Editors

HOWARD J. LEWIS

FRANK NORRIS

Assistant Editors

STAN GUGGENHEIM

Photography Editor

SLATS BERNARD

RICHARD GOWDY

Art Editors

MICHAEL BOCK

Managing Secretary

Business Board

HENRY T. SHICK HECKMAN

Business Manager
Phone: 3322

DONALD DENISON

Advertising Manager

HAZEN CHASE

Financial Manager

ROBERT ULMER

National Advt. Manager

DAVID WELLS

FRANK GLUECK

Contributing Board

DAVID HUGHES

S. GUGGENHEIM

FRANK KEMMER

CHARLES DENT

W. H. VOGELSBERG

MILTON SPILBERG

HARRY HARCHAR

The LEHIGH REVIEW welcomes contributions from students, alumni and faculty. Membership on the board is open to regular contributors. One and one-half dollars for nine issues. Twenty cents the copy.



Turning to Old Gold

In the Autumn
When most foliage
Turns to old gold—
That's just Nature.
But when a tobacco leaf,
After many months
Of *Extra Aging*
And *Mellowing*
Becomes Old Gold . . .
Man! that's Distinction.
About the highest honor a
Tobacco leaf
Can attain!

FRESHNESS INSURED . . .
by extra Cellophane wrapper,
opening at bottom of pack.



Copyright, 1938.
by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

Episode In History

by Howard J. Lewis

Walking was simple enough, just setting down one foot in front of the other. That's about all he was doing. Except for the smells and the noise, he might as well be anywhere in the world. His mind was on events that were international, conflicts that were contemporary, and principles that were eternal.

*..Flat-foot floogee with the floy-floy
Flat-foot floogee with the floy-floy..*

Five thousand miles away, a short, paunchy man was shouting into a microphone the words of Louis Quatorze. "I am the state. My will is the will of seventy-five million Germans." He and the world knew that. It in itself was not ridiculous; they were waiting to hear if this mite on the face of the earth would plunge millions into murdering each other.

*..America needs you . . . the army
makes men . . . join the navy and*

*see the world . . . if it's action you
want enlist with the marines . . .*

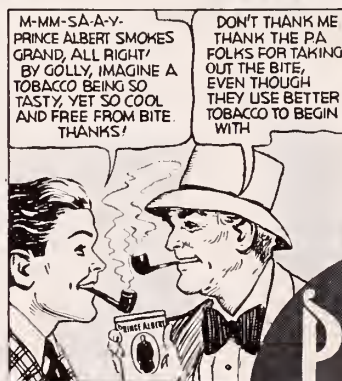
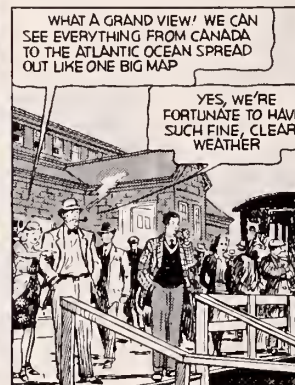
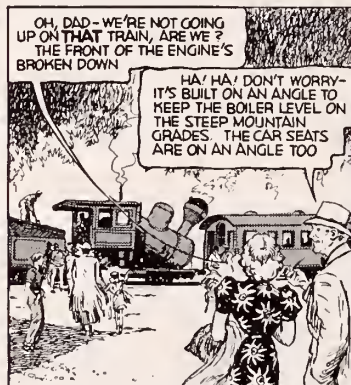
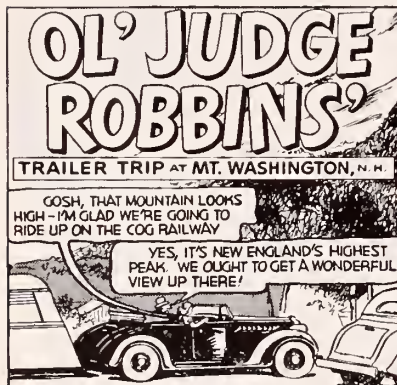
In New York he was walking the streets alone. Parked taxicabs were crowded around with men leaning forward to catch the words of the little German with the mustache. Once or twice he forced himself to stop and lean forward with the rest of them. Each one of the bent group looked grim and angry.

*..I have no grudge against the Czech-
oslovakians . . . it is Benes I hate
. . . he is a liar . . . Benes is a liar,
liar, liar, liar, liar, liar, liar.*

Well, if he fights, he wants to know what in the name of God he's fighting for. Or dying for. (Maybe I am yellow! So what? I want to live and help to stack the hay, working in my sweat, feeling strong with Nature. I don't want to lie in foreign dirt or to live only half a human.)

*..Full-chested girls dressed in a glori-
fied dough-boy's uniform . . . the
yanks are comin', the yanks are
comin' . . . don't be misled, ladies
and gentlemen, this will be a war
to end all wars . . . if democracy is
to be saved it must be saved now
and for all time . . . remember, my
sheep, the Lord is on our side, he
will be directing our guns to wipe
out this race of infidels from the
earth, there can be no peace with-
out victory and the Almighty is
fighting with us in the trenches . . .*

Page twenty-five, please.



I'M TELLING YOU PRINCE ALBERT PUTS NEW JOY IN ANY PIPE. IT CAKES THE PIPE RIGHT, SMOKE'S EXTRA RICH AND MELLOW. THERE'S NO TONGUE-BITE EITHER!



SO MILD!



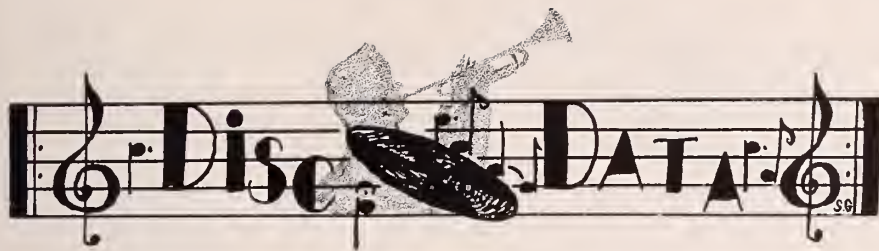
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.



by Stanley Gilinsky '40

TRUE to last month's prediction, the recording season is now in full swing. First place in our column does not go to new recordings, but to five re-issues by Vocalion featuring Bix Beiderbeckes, Louis Armstrong and Stuff Smith. Brunswick is to be congratulated for their co-operation with the Hot Jazz fans to bring to light the genius that was exhibited during the early days of swing. The only medium that present day cats have of hearing Bix and Satchmo' in their true form are via old recordings and these are becoming more scarce every day. It is quite a business gamble to re-issue old disks, since most of them are "dated" from the dance orchestra point of view; it is gratifying to note that the record companies have enough interest in the past, and enough faith in the future of swing,

to put these records out for the value of their solos and unique style. To really appreciate these recordings you have to keep one ear closed, forget the modern dance rhythm

models for present day imitators. *West End* also features some fine piano playing by Earl "Father" Hines. No doubt if one took the trouble to investigate the personnel of the bands backing Armstrong, he would find some of the backbone musicians of swing. Louis' voice is another thing on which to marvel. It is veiled and husky, but produces natural rasps analogous to those produced in a trumpet or trombone. It is a voice that only can be appreciated for hot singing and must only be listened to as such. Bix's re-issues, *At The Jazz Band Ball*; *Jazz Me Blues*; *Sorry*; *Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down*, have only one full solo (that in *jazz Me*).

But what a solo! Full, clear, powerful improvisation that has never been duplicated. Once you listen intently to Bix you'll never forget his tone. Fortunately for swing he is receiving a tremendous amount of post-mortem publicity what with Dorothy Baker's *Young Man With a Horn*, and various articles in periodicals. So that to even those who have never heard him, his name has become a household word of swing. Now it is possible to hear him on popular priced records. On the three other sides you will be able to hear Bix's piercing tone above the whole band—yet, not with any apparent forcefulness.

All that we can tell you about Stuff Smith's *Youse Is a Viper*; *After You've Gone* is just to listen, and Stuff's infectious personality and violin will capture you.

Lieutenant Kije-Suite (opus 60) M4 59 by Serge Prokofieff played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. This is a recording of the humorous score from the Russian motion picture of the same name.

The story revolves about an error made by Czar Nicholas I, who mispronounced the name of an officer he had exiled to Siberia for the terrible crime of sneezing and disturbing a royal nap. The courtiers, afraid to correct the ruler, entered



S. G. '40

and listen to the sheer musicianship that the artists exhibit.

Louis Armstrong is generally considered to be, besides the greatest of hot soloists, the man who was the influence behind the whole field of hot music. His two platters, *Basin Street Blues*; *St. Louis Blues*; *West End Blues*; *Got No Blues*, are fine examples of inventive style and flawless technique. *St. Louis* features savage repetitious phrases with almost unbelievable rapidity and clearness. *Basin* and *West End* are played in his typical pathetic blues style with special emphasis upon his imagination and invention of solos which have been

Just in Time For Houseparty!

- 26060—
Marge
Russian Lullaby
Benny Goodman
and His Orchestra
- 26062—
Rainbow 'Round the Moon
Stomping at the Stadium
Tommy Dorsey
and His Orchestra
- 26059—
All Ashore
Indian Moonlight
Sammy Kaye
and His Orchestra
- 26066—
You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby
Sailing at Midnight
Tommy Dorsey and
the Clambake Seven
- 26061—
Let This Be a Warning to You, Baby
Father, Dear Father
Bunny Berigan
and His Orchestra
- 26069—
One Day When We Were Young
I'm in Love With Vienna
Wayne King
and His Orchestra

Phillips Music Store

24 East Third Street

PHONE 2550

Avoid Last Minute Delays and Headaches ORDER YOUR Christmas Greeting Cards NOW!

- Name on Cards
25 Cards 1.25 up
50 Cards 1.00 & 1.95
- Box Assortments
15 and 18 Cards 50c & 1.00
- Individual Cards 5c up
- Engraved Personal Cards
25 and more Cards 2.25 up
- We will be glad to lay away gifts.

Lehigh Stationery Company

Complete Line of
School and Office Equipment

14 West Fourth Street

The Class of

**NINETEEN
HUNDRED
THIRTY
NINE**



Tickets may be purchased at the Arcadia office or from any of the following members of the Committee: Robert G. Yingling, Milton H. Grannatt, John M. McNabb, Raymond P. Laubenstein.

October Twenty-eighth
at ten o'clock
in the Hotel
Bethlehem

Subscription: four forty

Presents

The

SENIOR BALL

with

Bunny Berigan

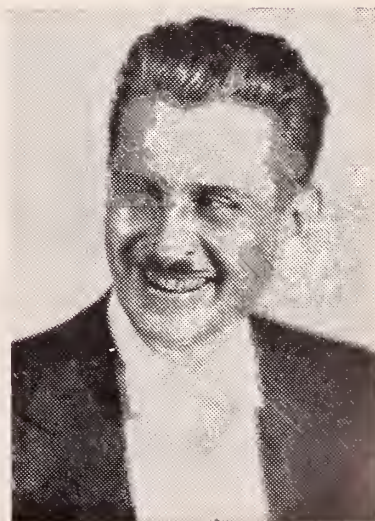
and

Mal Hallett

Trumpeter Berigan . . . Called the "Miracle Man of Swing" because, in the space of a year, he organized his own band and earned for it a place in the nation's swing spotlight . . . Believes wah-wah and tin hat trumpeting to be a thing of the past and keeps it to a minimum in his own band . . . Can reach F over high C.



Collegian Hallett . . . A product of the New England Conservatory of Music where he studied violin . . . Revolted against classical music and formed jazz band . . . Popular with college and university sets because of the "cut-up" tactics and collegiate appearance of the band . . .





MISS Valerie Dyer, chosen "The Ideal Houseparty Girl" by the editors of the *Review* and the Chairman of the Prom Committee, is five feet nine inches tall, brown-haired and brown-eyed, will be twenty-one this January. She lives in Rockville Center, Long Island, with her mother and commercial-artist father, earns from twenty-five to forty dollars a week as a professional mannequin and advertisers' model.

She was chosen over many other girls, nominated by student submission of pictures to the *Review*, for her outstanding beauty, her charming personality and her very un-feeble brain. This Houseparty, as last, she will be the guest of Junior Bill Casey, Beta Kappa.

Miss Dyer has been in the United States only two years. She was born in Canada. At the age of fourteen she was put into a convent school in Toronto. At eighteen she graduated as valedictorian of her class. She then entered Toronto University, stayed until her family moved to New York one year later. Some months in a school of modeling, and she got her first professional job.

She now works six days a week at Hertha May, Inc., swank Manhattan dress shop where most of the accompanying pictures were made. Her salary for displaying feminine frippery (nothing under sixty-nine dollars) to New York's elite is twenty-five dollars plus commissions. She adds to this sum by accepting assignments at fashion shows, and advertising studios.

Her measurements and photographs are in the files of John Llewellyn Powers, top man in the model agency game. His models — the cigarette, bathing suit, toothpaste saleswomen we all know — are the most beautiful girls in America.

Miss Dyer works in oils, wants very much to be an artist. She uses little make-up. Does not drink or smoke.

Cover and Other Photographs
of Miss Dyer Made in New
York City

by Louis C. Stoumen

ANYONE who is the least interested in dance bands will have heard of the prom committee's selection for the Senior Ball. But from past experience with Lehigh's interests or lack of them, we guess we better tell you who they are — Mal Hallett and Bunny Berigan are the names.

Both are definitely swing bands, with Mal Hallett, if we can say that either one does, leaning a little more toward the sweet side. Berigan leads the band and plays the trumpet, while Hallett, who used to play the violin before an unfortunate accident forced him to stop, merely is content with waving the baton during the course of the evening.

Berigan enjoys the slightly better reputation of the two.

Mal Hallett

Mr. Hallett is six and one-third feet of ungovernable pep along with six and one-third inches of cute moustache. Until recently old dame misfortune shared the same bed with him. Joe Public gave him so many dirty breaks that he ran out of tricks and Mal finally broke through. Mal and the boys had the questionable pleasure of watching similarly styled bands rise to the top. However, the boys took it all in stride and finally their break came. Mal was all set to move in one of the finest New York hotels and get one of the largest radio commercials at that time when Dame Misfortune decided to have one more crack at him. That week Mal conveniently slipped on an icy pavement and landed head first in a grease pit and a hospital. Still that wasn't enough, so to make everyone happy, he contracted a swell case of pneumonia. This stuck with him so long that he figured he had tuberculosis. But he was wrong again. Mal came back east and started plugging again. This time there was no stopping him. Each engagement has piled one success upon the other. Although we can not consider him a top notch name band, yet we believe it only a matter of a year or two until he reaches a top ranking.

Mal certainly qualifies musically and personally as a leader. He studied music at the Boston Conservatory. Besides being an expert musician himself he has had under him and has benefited by their experience: Jack Teagarden, Gene Krupa, Toots Mondello, and Sam Young. He also believes that a band should amuse as well as swing so he provides some

MEET THE BANDS

by Stanley Gilinsky, '40

comedy interlude with his massive bass player Joe Carbonero. Incidentally he owns a thousand chickens without a farm. No, they don't travel with the band.

As for the individual musicians, they are as star studded as any name band. Joe Carbonero, the bass player, used to play the violin until the increase in his weight and number of chins made it more practical to make the switch. He is trying to beat the band's other baby, Buddy Welcome (240 lbs.) down to 150 pounds. According to Metronome when he does he will write a book "How My Appearance Changed from a Bass Fiddle to a Violin E String and Why Not."

Buddy Welcome is the big fellow who sings the theme, raises chickens, plays the sax, and does a lot of things not fit to print.

Andy Anderson is the sax "ride" man. Started off in Charlie Barnet's band watching Charlie ride. Didn't think that was much fun so he left Charlie.

Frank Ryerson is Mal Hallett's sergeant at arms, chief composer and arranger, and in his spare time plays first trumpet.

One thing that is definitely in Mal's favor is that his band knows enough not to mix moods. Thus everyone can be assured of maximum dancing pleasure while the sweet music is being featured.

Bunny Berigan

Bunny owns the enviable reputation of being the "hottest" of all the white cornetists. He is the product of the influence of one of the finest colored players of all time—"Muggsy" Spanner.

Bunny, soon after he started out playing, found himself located with the biggest name band in the business — Benny Goodman. There he built himself a name as the best swing trumpeter this side of anywhere. He also had a fling playing for Tommy Dorsey. Each leader felt as if he was breaking up the whole band when Bunny left. His real break came

while leader of the band playing on the "Saturday Evening Swing Club." This program gave him nation-wide recognition and soon he was persuaded to start his own band to a mediocre success. After some ups and downs he has succeeded in putting together a swell bunch of swing musicians with a capacity for dance music as well as killer-driller stuff of the jitterbug variety.

Real lovers of Hot Jazz will find an evening of paradise awaiting them when they hear the sophisticated vibrato's of Berigan's trumpet. The musical ideas that he creates and the marvelous technique that he displays seem to charm one into standing still — and watch — with mouth agape. He is the type of player who puts his guts into each note.

The band itself, from the information available, does not seem to have any real outstanding players. But a few changes were contemplated recently and if you are really interested it would be well worth the trouble to inquire about the personnel.

After the trouble the prom committee had with Jan Savitt, we hope that Bunny doesn't have a recurrence of two recent experiences. It seems that Bunny and his boys were all set to play a New England one nighter and had the stands all set up when in walked Gene Krupa and all the lads all set to play the same spot. Result: Bunny had lost his way and lost a job in the bargain. Next: the recent hurricane beat Bunny to a stunt that he was going to try — namely to blow the roof off the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston. Bunny was also out an engagement there. Seeing that Lehigh is next on the list — we pray.

Considering past performances of prom committees, we think the present one has done a good job under the circumstances. No matter which floor or alley you dance in, it won't be the music that is going to spoil your evening.

THE Hill to Hill bridge is a cement thing of Roman arches, carrying a roadway of granite blocks. It picks up a stream of cars on one side of town, and carries them above roofs of tin and tar, black railroad tracks, winding alleys and streets, a milky shallow river, some more tracks, and spills them with a rumble of rubber on granite on the opposite side of town. To walk across it is to be lonely.

Ann had often walked across the Hill to Hill bridge, but this evening she walked in a different world. Her body was not a part of her. Her feet took steps with mechanical indifference. When some one passed she would swerve toward the railing, the back of her hand brushing against the rough cement. With slow indifference she would again move toward the center of the sidewalk.

Ann had never tried to think before. Tonight she made that mistake. With cold reason somewhat similar to instinct, she saw herself. She saw herself as she saw the grey stacks rising from the morass of black piping and blocked buildings which was Bethlehem Steel. She was thinking without the protection of her deep faith in God. She was thinking without the protection of a hope born in the local movie houses and "True Romance" magazine. Her thoughts were as indifferent of these, as her body was indifferent to the occasional "Hy Babe" coming from passing cars.

Ann looked and saw herself in school; the boys would grab her hat and run down the block. She remembered how she used to come home exasperated and sometimes in tears; how she always caught her tears before she came in the house. Mama had babies, and Pop to worry about. Tears made Mama mad.

She remembered her first job at the silk mill. How she hated it. Then—how she loved it because of the hypnotic spell caused by the repetition of the work. Without much effort she worked—thinking about boys who would take her out and who would look like George Raft.

Then there was Rose, who tended the next loom. Rose introduced her to boys. They never looked like George Raft and they always wanted to drink and make love to her. When they had no money they only wanted to make love. Ann never cried anymore when she came home.

She saw girls with whom she had

TOWN GIRL

by Frank Norris '40

gone to school get married to fellows who used to chase her home. She saw them get fat and sloppy; she saw them bloat; she heard them curse the babies as they came. There were lots of babies and only a few old cars in that row of cold-water, frame buildings along Third street.

The boys on Third street made her see with a cold clearness what was to be her future.

One day, while riding in the trolley home from work, Ann met Woody. Long and lanky, with sandy hair and a blonde fuzz on his face, he smacked strongly of central New Jersey. He didn't pick her up. They just started talking. Christ, he was wonderful. Kind, good-natured, and honest, with no car and none of the



wisdom that comes with a year of college.

Ann and Woody would often go for walks on the bridge. All the time Woody talked about the beauty and strength of form which the steel works expressed. Ann would say

"yah" as if she understood.

Loving Woody was wonderful. Bethlehem was a beautiful city and Ann, for the first time in her life, was a happy woman. Ann's blood was part Sicilian and part Neapolitan. It was dark and rich. It colored her lips and colored her love. And from Woody it drew the promises, "Sure you're my girl. Sure I love you. Yeah, I'll take you to houseparty."

And so Ann had found her all. She had found a love that made living seem incidental. She had found favor with the gods. She was going to a Lehigh houseparty.

The Friday of houseparty had come and Woody was not there, with Jim's Chevrolet, to take her to the dance. Maybe something had happened, maybe he couldn't get the car. The Strachinies did not have a phone and Woody couldn't call her. Woody wouldn't lie to her. He would take her, yes he would. Please God make it so.

Still hoping, still believing, Ann went for a walk, hoping. She came home to wait. She went for another walk. The Hill to Hill bridge drew her. It drew her because it was something for which Woody held a peculiar love.

The happy blue-gray dusk of the first evening of houseparty settled on Ann as she walked with nervous steps up the long south ramp to the bridge. Among the steady stream of cars that rumbled to a stop at the intersection, there came a little green Chevy roadster. It came to a jerky stop. A short rasp of gears, and it jerked away again, dodging and weaving in the heavy traffic.

It was a terrible pain that Ann felt. It was a pain that deadened all her senses. The heritage that Neapolitan women had left her had been betrayed. That was why Ann saw herself so clearly walking with measured indifference. It was not what she had given, but how she had given. Unselfishly, nobly, with intense love and terrific fire. All had fallen into a bottomless pit, because Woody used to go with a girl in Short Hills.

Ann walked by the first steel arch, crossed the long span that crosses the muddy river. She crossed the other arch while a weary freight dragged on below. With indefinite desire, Ann stopped walking and leaned across the heavy cement railing to

JELLY ROLL MORTON

by Merrill Bernard, '40

"The greatest Jazz Pianist of them all" is interviewed by the art editor of the *Lehigh Review*.

IN a small, inelegant dance hall — in a city conspicuous for its lack of swing talent — the greatest jazz pianist of them all, Jelly Roll Morton, vies for honors with a nickelodeon.

It was in Washington, D. C. that Bill Gottlieb (last year's *Review* editor) and I discovered him giving out nightly with the pure stuff. Following up a lead in "Down Beat," we found him at a place called the Jungle Inn.

The head waiter, in this case the entire personnel, greeted us cordially as we entered, and when Bill asked for Jelly Roll, he showed us to a table next to the piano, and disappeared in search of the old gentleman. We were the only white people there, but our visit was evidently nothing unusual, as the twenty odd patrons, seated, drinking at small tables, showed only mild interest in us.

We ordered, and when the waiter returned with our drinks he was accompanied by Mr. Morton. Formalities over, Jelly Roll pulled up a chair and in reply to our questions, began a monologue on jazz that continued, interrupted only by an occasional question or comment from Bill or myself, until we were ready to leave some two hours later.

In all probability Morton knows more about jazz music, its origin, history, and principal exponents than anyone else in the business. He's familiar with every hot man who has ridden out since before the Dixieland Band, can tell you what he plays, with whom he plays, or played with (many of the men he mentioned have been dead several years), where he sits in the band, and how he rates. His knowledge of music written since way-back-when is just as remarkable. He can either name or hum any tune you've heard, tell you its author, or, if it was stolen, from whom, and who plays it best.

Mr. Morton is not at all reticent in telling just how important he is in music annals. However, as the majority of his claims are well founded,

his tendency to stress his position is easily forgiven. He is rather a pleasing personality. He is intelligent, neatly dressed, and slightly younger looking than his fifty-three years. He seemed to be fairly well educated, and I was impressed with his ability to express himself so clearly and well.

For fifteen or twenty years Jelly Roll had a top ranking band of his own. He has taught many of the best men in the business. King Oliver was a close associate of his, and as I gathered, a personal friend and musical favorite. He spoke of such names as Bix Biederbeck, Stuff Smith, Eddie South, and Cleo Brown familiarly.

Evidently he realized that we were wondering how he had lost band, his position as

top ranking artist and what the circumstances were that had reduced him to playing a lonely piano in such a place as the Jungle Inn. So he proceeded to recount in detail the train of events which led to his present state. It seems that trouble with racketeers trying to get a foothold in the music game were in the main responsible.

Several years ago he was scheduled to appear with his band at the opening of a new night club in New York. A few days before the event was to take place, he received an anonymous note warning that if he



Morton at the Piano

—drawn from memory by Bernard

did not cancel the engagement, both his band and the Club would be broken up. Believing that the authors of the message were serious in their intent, he arranged for Cab Callo-way — then practically unknown — to take his place. It was the beginning of Cab's rise to popularity and one of a series of like incidents which were responsible for Jelly Roll's decline.

Twice during the conversation a comely girl in a bright print evening gown asked him to accompany her on a vocal. Her voice was definitely bad, and our attention was devoted almost

Guns For Felipe

The Fat Little Dictator Needed the Guns Badly, and He Got Them.

by *ERIC WEISS, '39*

I WAS running guns to revolutionists in Cordavia, south of Panama.

I would pick up a consignment of second hand Springfields that had been trans-shipped from New York to Denmark to Mexico, stow them in my two masted schooner, and sail down to Cordavia. Felipe Santanio, revolutionist leader at the time, needed guns and was willing to pay plenty for them. I was supposed to meet Santanio about a mile up a little river that he had captured from the Federals.

The night was pitch dark when we came drifting up the Sarahulla. The jungle on either side of the river was a deep velvet black. The schooner drifted slowly on the last push of the tide, sails down and lights doused. Behind me Pedro stood at the wheel easing the ship down a channel he felt rather than saw. In the bow I knew Jose was lying beside his machine gun, straining his eyes against the darkness. Tony stood next to me with his rifle under his arm. We drifted and waited.

"Who goes?" Someone had shouted at us in Spanish from the south shore. We all turned toward the voice and I heard a faint click and scrape as Jose turned his gun on its tripod.

"Schooner Polaris," I shouted back.

"Come to shore." We had the voice located now and Pedro eased the ship away. Now it was my turn to ask questions.

"Who are you?"

There was a pause as if the speaker was considering his answer carefully. At last, "Felipo Santanio," he replied.

"We'll chance it," I told the boys, "but stand by for a trick. Keep low and be ready to use your guns." Pedro swung the wheel, and we came closer to the shore. I couldn't see a sign of anything on shore. There was just a thick band of black that merged into the murkiness of the water.

"Drop your anchor there," our friend on shore directed. Tony looked toward me for orders. I shook my head.

"Show a light, Senor Felipe," I said. "We'll throw you a line."

We were only about fifty yards from shore and we could hear the hiss of a hurried consultation there. Suddenly everything was quiet again. A match scraped and flamed, making a twinkling spot of light in the darkness. A torch flickered and lit, illuminating the bearded figure of a man in a tattered uniform. He stood alone by the bank of the stream and I could plainly see the white cloth of the revolutionists tied on his left arm.

"Throw me a rope, senor," he said.

"Where is General Felipe Santanio?" I didn't like the way things were going. It looked like a trap. "Get us out of this," I muttered to Pedro.

I spoke too loudly. Sound travels well over water.

"Put up your hands, Americanos," a voice ordered from the darkness. "We can see you all plainly."

Jose cut loose with his machine gun. The man with the torch swayed a little and dropped over on his face. The bank came alive with orange flashes. I was flat on the deck with Tony beside me, pumping lead at the shore. I heard the whine of the electric starts as Pedro tried to get our engines going. The motors coughed twice and were quiet.

The boys on shore were getting the range now, and I felt the deck boards shake as a bullet cut a groove in them. I fired carefully, placing my shots as closely as I could to the momentary rifle flashes on shore. The starter whined again, and Pedro cursed and prayed behind me. This time the engines took hold. Pedro threw them in gear, and the propeller under our counter lashed at the water. We moved forward, upstream.

We were clear.

"Hold it," I cautioned Tony. He snapped the spent cartridge out of the breech and raised his head from the stock of his rifle. Jose had already stopped firing.

"They can't see us if we don't shoot," I said to Tony. There were only a few flashes now from downstream and none of the shots were coming near us. The river was quiet. Even the animal life of the jungle had been shocked into silence by that sudden inferno of sound.

Jose crawled back from his gun in the bow. "What was eating them?" he asked.

"Either Santanio thought he could get his guns for nothing or the Federals have taken the river," I answered. "Get back to your gun. There may be more fun this trip." He crept forward again.

"Go below, Tony, and see if they shot any leaks into us." He rose and ducked down the companionway. "Now we're in for it," I said to Pedro. "We have to get past them before daylight or they'll have us by the short hairs. We'll just have to try to drift past them in the dark, and if they spot us, we'll run for it. Turn her around and we'll start back. They won't be expecting us so soon."

Pedro swung the ship gently in a sweeping arc and pointed it downstream. Tony reappeared at my elbow.

"All okay below," he said. He handed me a belt of loaded clips and reslung his rifle. Pedro killed the engines and we drifted again. The tide had lost its push and there was a faint breeze blowing from inland that kept us moving slowly.

A sharp burst of gunfire cracked out from that part of the river where we had been ambushed. I crouched, but the men on shore didn't seem to be shooting at us. We continued to drift, getting closer and closer to those orange flashes. The firing started to fall off and slacken. Men were running around in the jungle and we could hear them as they crashed through the undergrowth. We had come abreast of the place of greatest activity, but everything was peaceful. The shooting had stopped, and I could hear plainly a man's shouted challenge.

"Quien viva?"

The answer came even more plainly from on shore.

"Viva la Revolution Felipe Santanio."

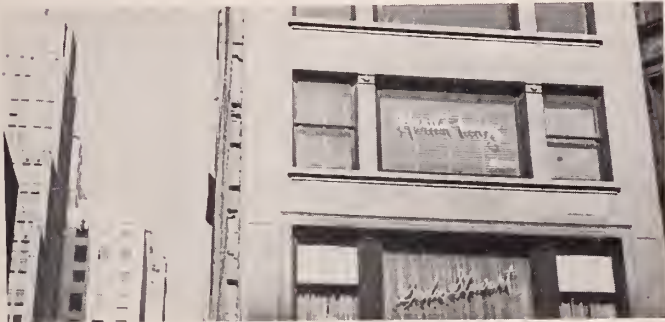
Tony hissed in my ear. "It sounds

VALERIE DYER

The LEHIGH REVIEW presents photographs of its "Ideal Houseparty Date" on Her Home Grounds . . .



1.) Valerie must report for work six mornings a week at 10 a. m. She wears her hair DOWN, is required to put it UP for her customers. Note her unusual height relative to two average size women.



2.) Hertha May, Inc., is on the third floor of 15 E. 56th Street (just above Sadie Stewart, skin and hair specialist), is in center of exclusive gown district, sells no garment for less than sixty-nine dollars.



3.) Posed before one of Hertha May's seven foot mirror's, Valerie adjusts the hundred and fifty dollar gown which she wears.

4.) Glamour! A fancy dress, theatrically posed publicity shot from the files of John Powers. This kind of photograph is sent as sales talk to prospective buyers of model service.



5.) At rest. About her throat Valerie wears a Beta Kappa Houseparty favor which she got from her date Bill Casey '40 last Houseparty.

THREE BOOKS

1.

The Best British Short Stories 1938:
Edited by Edward J. O'Brien :
 Houghton Mifflin Company ;
 New York : \$2.50

The very evident decay of British arts and letters in recent years is not unrelated to the current distintegration of British moral sense and the resultant collapse of European democracy.

It should cause us no surprise that in the country where such an honored statesman as Winston Churchill is denied the air waves and such an eminent novelist as Phyllis Bottome could find no printer in all of London willing to take the chance of publishing her anti-administration pamphlet, the creative arts have fallen to a new low.

The present volume of the annual O'Brien series is a case in point. A few of the stories make passable reading, two are really fine, the remaining twenty or so are simply lousy. These last, constituting the greater part of the book, are dull, uninspired drivel, many of them banged out for use as filler in the daily press. These writers refuse their literary responsibilities, write in an exasperatingly pedestrian, by-the-way-old-chap, manner. They make no attempt at penetrating understanding of their characters, no essay at functional style. And characteristic of this lot of authors is that kind of very British *Punch* humor which condescends to the level of social snobbery.

Typical story beginnings of this sort: "I belong to a dining club . . ."; "It was like Grandfather Donkin, racing the church clock . . ."; "Mr. Frederick Sopit believed in the proprieties." These vapid chronicles of the social, cultural and amatory mores of upper middle-class Englishmen are very sophisticated, dull, uppity, English.

The two really good stories in the volume are Eric Knight's "Mary Anne and the Duke" and Mulk Raj Anand's "On the Border." It is of the utmost significance that the first, a Byronesque yarn in lively Yorkshire dialect (so much more human than the usual London rabbit-English), was originally published in an American magazine (*Esquire*), and that

the second story was published in *The Left Review*, is a masterful incrimination of British imperialism and the bombing of its Arab subjects.

2.

Fox in the Cloak:
by Harry Lee :
 Macmillan : New York : \$2.50

First novels by bright young men are usually autobiographical, invariably a sort of intellectual cloudburst flooding suddenly upon the gentle reader. **Fox in the Cloak** is the epitome of this kind of book, for it is a first novel by such a writer, is about such a character, is aptly titled to this idea. The Fox is genius. The Cloak is that period of temporary obscurity through which the young genius must pass on his trek to greatness.

From the jacket blurb: "This is the portrait of the artist as a young man. In the city of Atlanta, Neil Glass grows from boyhood to maturity . . . school . . . adolescent who has unlimited desires and no money, seeking happiness from his painting . . . scattering minor puppy loves, his emergence into the state of manhood; his difficulties in finding work . . ." Etcetera.

The book is not of the first water, and Mr. Lee is not yet a Hemingway. **Fox in the Cloak** succeeds, however, in being honest and human and meaningful. Which is certainly a great deal. The writer is not, as are so many modern realists, afraid of

being tender. And he succeeds therein without being sentimental or trite. There are passages of truly noble writing. At his best Mr. Lee wields an incisive and well-fused combination of passion and restraint.

A somewhat overly developed sense of the dramatic and an unjustified mingling of poetic figures with emotional situations spoil parts of the book. Particularly jarring was the self-conscious phrase-making with which the book ends: "Like a child with its mother when strangers come, he pressed his face against the dark skirts of the night."

3.

The Flowering of New England 1815-1865 :

by Van Wyck Brooks :
 Dutton : New York : \$2.50

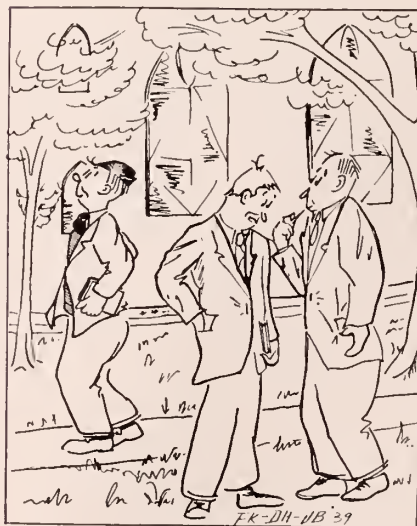
In the two years since its first publication "The Flowering of New England" has assumed the stature of a modern classic. This rich biography of a culture has more than adequately captured the seed and the blossom time of New England, the substance and the shadow of its great.

Brook's method is descriptive and appreciative rather than interpretative. He informs us, intimately, with the first-hand warmth of a confidant. It is as though he were a Knickerbocker Boswell and had actually dined and beered with the Concord sage, the Salem recluse, the hermit of Walden, the ink-bloods of Boston. And indeed, in spirit, if not in body, Brooks is certainly a contemporary of Emerson and Hawthorne and Thoreau and the others. Only a sympathy approaching identity could produce this work.

Yet, withal, the book is a scholarly, careful, self-respecting piece of writing, and though it is unencumbered with foot-notes, the author tells us in his introduction that he has carefully documented the whole. If only textbooks were written in this warm, human unpretentious way. What a delight would a course in American Lit be with this full rich book as its basic text.

To say that Brooks makes Emerson and the other live for us again is insufficient praise. Let us say, rather, that his simple humanity, his what can only be called passionate scholarship, strengthen and deepen our appreciation and understanding of contemporary literature, rooted as it is in the fine old soil of New England.

—L. C. Stoumen



"They say he read a book once."

Upward Go

A Short - Short Story

by David DeBeauchamp '41

THE idiot wandered slowly through the late afternoon, crossing and recrossing the ever present brook that ran swiftly down the mountainside. He moved with the aimless step of one to whom time does not matter. There could be no time for him. How could there be when he had no objective in mind, no sense of being needed, no hope or sadness in his heart, only wonder? His thoughts could be plainly read on his face. A sudden quickening of interest on seeing a rabbit flash across his path, and a puzzled wonderment on why this should be.

The brook fascinated him with its low murmur and tangled movement over the timeworn rocks in its path. He had not been afraid to touch it because it seemed to want to play with him. When he thrust his hand into its cooling wetness, it leaped up on his arm and smoothed the heavy black hair that covered it.

He moved on, higher and higher, because he liked to feel the huge muscles in his legs tighten and relax as he carried himself upwards. At times he would break into an awkward run somehow feeling an elation at conquering some force that made it harder to move on a slope.

Here he was free to move about and his heart felt light within him. Back there where there were people his heart felt cold and heavy. He could not breathe there. He could feel them struggle among themselves, but he could not understand it. There he was lost and alone. There it was as if he had found his place. No struggle, only peace.

They would come for him soon.

They always did. And he would go back to his little room quietly with that questioning look in his eyes.

Why?

A fierce resentment grew within him as he mounted higher. He would not go back. They were kind to him but it was wrong. It must be wrong if he did not like it.

This time he would reach the top. Perhaps there he would find someone, something, to understand him. Now there seemed to be a purpose to his movements. He climbed steadily, no longer pausing to look about him. And suddenly he was at the top.

He stood motionless, his eyes raised in silent wonder to the sweeping majesty of the endless hazy monarchs in the distance. A few steps ahead was the brim, and he moved slowly to its edge. Below him stretched eternity. Ageless rifts and contours in the earth formed a pattern in his mind. Everything was so tiny and closed in down there and so hard to see. He looked again about him at the awful bigness of the world up here. There was nothing hidden now. Everything was clear and bright and somehow kind. Here was his peace, his understanding, his home. He would never go back down there.

What was that? Yes, they were calling from below.

With grinning, round fat face and grasping outstretched hands he took a huge step.

They watched him fall; like a rag doll slowly turning with hands and feet flung out.



State Restaurant

Food to Please the Palate
Prices Easy on the Purse

Superb Food
Delicious Coffee

4 EAST FOURTH STREET

Phone 9223

Brown - Borhek Company

Lumber Coal
Hardware Paint

General Electric Oil Furnaces

and

Air Conditioning

Phone Bethlehem 3700

Football Is a Major Sport

Lehigh has played football since 1884 when Richard Harding Davis got the boys together to try to trounce Lafayette.

In 1938, football still gets the boys a bit excited even though the Brown and White eleven is not a national sensation. But even more exciting, though not so colorful, is the daily battle with the books.

You can make up your own schedule, but you can't find a "breather" in any one of these three colleges:

Arts and Science

General cultural courses; preparation for graduate work in dentistry, law, medicine or the ministry; professional preparation for teaching and journalism.

Business Administration

Preparation for position in banking and investments, accounting, insurance, advertising, selling, general business.

Engineering

Chemical, Chemistry, Civil, Electrical, Engineering Physics, Industrial, Mechanical, Metallurgical, Mining and Sanitary.

E. Kenneth Smiley
Director of Admissions
LEHIGH UNIVERSITY
BETHLEHEM, PA.

Mr. Smiley will be pleased to take up individual problems with prospective students and their parents.

Modern Cleaners & Dyers

Distinctive
Cleaners and Dyers

We Call and Deliver

Phone 5700

FOR SALE

I have in storage 2 Spinnet style pianos, 1 baby grand piano. Will sell at a sacrifice or might rent to reliable party.

C. E. GOODENOUGH
451 Main Street

STUDENTS

TRY

5

BARBERS

Borda's
Barber Shop

Evening Wear

*If You're Going Formal . . .
Go Right!*

ARROW FORMAL SHIRTS
TIES and HANDKERCHIEFS

Midnight Blue Tuxedos Tails
Black \$15 \$32.50

White - Black Dress Vests
\$3.50 and \$5.50

Stetson Tophats . . . \$10

Bostonian Dress Shoes . . . \$5.50

Interwoven Hose

Formal Wear to Hire

Silverberg MEN'S
Goldberg SHOPS

20 W. Fourth

70 W. Broad

Town Girl . . .

from page ten

look below upon the toy street lamps and black-roofed buildings, which came up at her from dimly defined alleys. Ann turned and watched the passing cars in the roadway. Dusk had turned to early night. Headlights came and red tail-lights passed away around the curve of the bridge. Ann put her hands on top of the railing, caught her heels on the moulding, and pulled herself up. The railing was rough and hard. There was no place for her to catch her feet.

It would be easy, very easy, to fall over into the black behind her. In falling she would turn in the air like a diver doing a back layout. How easy and nice it would be to turn so slowly in the air.

The headlights of a Ford phaeton came quickly down the long stretch of the bridge. Quite suddenly it slowed and pulled to the curb in front of Ann. Someone called. Ann didn't reply. An elderly couple walked between her and the car, looking at neither. One of the two boys in the car, opened the door, jumped out, and walked over to her, "What do you say lovely, how about going for a ride?"

Without a word Ann slid down off the railing, walked over to the car, and got in. As she sat in the still-warm leather seat, she saw a sticker on the windshield—Lehigh.



"Ah, she's just a prom-trotter."

EARL H. GIER

Jeweler

129 West Fourth Street

Next to Post Office

PHONE 1067

Allentown Tile and Marble Company

221 North Sixth Street

Allentown

ANDREW ROSSETTI, Proprietor

LET ALEX COOK FOR YOU

Lehigh Lunch

New Street

(Half Block from Packard Lab)

Established 1901

Portraits

McCa Studios

**Commercial
Photography**

**Photo
Finishing**

113 West Fourth Street

Phone 738

**Announcing Our
Dining Room and Grill
HOME COOKING**

Priced to Fit the Student Allowance

American Hotel

Broad and New Streets

**THE
COLLEGE SHOP**

Men's Wear of Distinction

FOURTH and VINE

JOHN J. GASDASKA
U. of P. '23, Prop.

**C. A. Dorney
Furniture
Company**

•
Draperies
Floor Coverings
Furniture
•

A L L E N T O W N

THE MIESSE SHOP

HOME-MADE CANDY and GIFTS
OF THE BETTER KIND

568 MAIN STREET

OLD SUN INN BUILDING

We Mail and Insure Its Delivery

**SMITH'S
BROAD STREET
CLEANERS and DYERS**

Dry Cleaning, Pressing and
Repairing

Hats Cleaned and Blocked

12 WEST BROAD STREET

Phone 2934

Disc Data . . .

from page five

the name of the non-existent Kije in the records and the imaginary character was supposedly sent off to the salt mines.

The Czar, imagining a plot against his life, is convinced that only Kije can save him. The court invents a military hero of that name and then the fun begins to the tune of Prokofieff's militaristic and folkish music.

The Birth of Kije, after an off stage trumpet flourish, becomes an antic parody of a huge military procession. *Romance*; in this movement the violin solo is replaced by a tenor and saxophone. *Kije's Wedding*—to the most beautiful maid-of-honor, alternates between stiff shirted formality and ordinary sentimentality. *Tricka* has the same tenor saxophone part as *Romance*, while the *Burial of Kije* laments his passing as much as a scoundrel contemplates the death of a rich aunt.

Humor is too infrequently encountered in music, but Prokofieff, more perhaps than any other modern composer, has given satire and wit as well as sharp expression. The music of the suite is simple and direct as music for a motion picture ought to be. Ample opportunity is given in the score for the display of individual technique and the superb technical recording exposes every detail of the music from the shrill piccolo pipings to the resounding bass.

Pollack Back

Ben Pollack (Decca) is back again in the recording war with another terrific organization. He waxes *Meet The Beat Of My Heart*; *What Are You Doing Tonight*; *Sing a Song of Sixpence*; *As Long As I Live*; *Naturally*; *So Unexpectedly*. You cannot keep this man down. He's always got a good band up his sleeve, and this time with a star to boot—Clyde Hurley, a trumpeter with drive to spare. The band itself plays without any restraint with all the boys taking turns on fine solos and collectively driving like hell. Special credit should be given to Graham Stevenson for steady rhythmic backing on the drums, Carl Hagen on the trombone and an unknown on a swell clarinet. Paula Gayle's vocal leaves nothing to be desired, especially in *Sixpence* and *Unexpectedly*. She seems to be propelled right along with the band. Watch out for these

**Orchids and Gardenias
"Flowers of Distinction"**

**Broad Street Floral
Company**

45 West Broad Street

Phone 4327-J

Our Corsages will please her — they are
"Different"

STEEL CITY LAUNDRY

**QUALITY, SERVICE
AND COURTESY**

WE CALL FOR AND DELIVER

333 South New Street

Phone 804

Jake Schmerin

SELLS

Eveready Prestone

AT STUDENT PRICE OF

\$2.75 per gallon

205 West Fourth Street

**NORTHAMPTON
COAT AND APRON SUPPLY**

Telephone 6573

**PENN
COAT AND APRON
SUPPLY COMPANY**

Telephone 7319

•
**Fritz
Mercur
"Insurance"**
•



THE LEHIGH REVIEW
in conjunction with Pi
Delta Epsilon offers a
prize of five dollars for
the best contribution to
the magazine by a new
contributor.

R U L E S

1. Any student who has never before been published in the REVIEW is eligible to compete.
2. Contest entries must be of a literary nature, but no restriction is placed on form. They may be fiction, poetry, article or essay.
3. The judges will be the editors of the REVIEW. Their decision will be final.
4. The right is reserved to make no award if material of sufficient merit is not forthcoming.
5. All manuscripts must be received by January 9, 1939. The winner will be announced in the January issue.

Disc Data . . .

from page seventeen

boys—they have the potentialities of a name band.

Victor's Newcomer

Victor, not to be outdone, introduces Ralph Gordon and his two original compositions, *Two Left Feet*; *Fun In A Boiler Factory*, in a fine bit of Raymond Scottish swing. Gordon seems to be in line for a Larry Clinton build-up. Like Larry he has organized a studio band. His outfit consists of twelve Gotham musicians, including Hub Lytle on sax, Walt Smith on trumpet and Carl Kress on guitar. *Fun* is a purely impressionistic piece, while *Feet* is a catchy swing tune. The band exhibits polish and some real relaxed playing. If they play so well together on their initial disk, great things should be expected from them in the future. It is with interest that we await their next recording.

Duke Ellington under some moniker or another has issued six platters. Surprisingly for such quantity they're pretty good as a whole. Here they are: By Duke (Br.) *Hip Chic*; *A Blues Serenade: Exposition Swing*; *Prelude To A Kiss*; *Lambeth Walk*. By Johnny Hodges (Vo.) *Love In Swingtime*; *Swinging In The Dell*; *Krum Elbow Blues*; *There's Something About An Old Love*. By Cootie Williams Sharpie; *Blue Is The Evening*. Mama! *Hip* has some fine get-offs by Rex. Stewart. *Blues*, Henry King's theme song, is done prettily with Hodge's sweet alto. *Exposition* is a rendition in the style (of all people!) Bert Ambrose. But listen and catch Barney Bigard's Sid Phillipian clarinet along with Hodges' alto. *Lambeth* is not up Duke's alley, but everyone else is recording it so he might as well too. Cootie Williams growls pleasantly and the sax ensemble swings lightly. What more could we expect from the poor mistreated *Walk*? *Prelude* is an exceptionally pretty Duke composition with that Hodges man again getting off some beautifully clear clear passages. Not content with stealing most of Duke's sides Hodges shines on all his sides with good support by "Tricky Sam" Nanton on the trombone in *Dell*, and the whole band swinging out in *Krum*. Hodges certainly proves he is tops. His tone is full, intonation hotter than hot, phrasing beautiful, and attack so forceful that at times he sounds like

a trumpet. His imagination rarely deserts him and as a result you can always count on him for an outstanding performance. Williams highlights both his sides, with *Sharpie* the better.

Count Basie has two platters, *London Bridges Falling Down*; *Stop Beatin' Round The Mulberry Bush*; *Texas Shuffle*; *Mama Don't Want No Peas No Rice No Coconut Oil*. Here's a band that has really come up. A few years ago when he first came east he was given a terrific buildup. It was quite disappointing when he showed up with a superlative rhythm section, but a sadly tuned and timed sax and brass section. They were so bad that if one or the other wasn't off badly, they both were. Fortunately the Count realized this and went to work and the result is a band second to none in for relaxed, savage swing. Although the two disks cannot be classed among his best they have enough to exhibit the band's fine qualities. Particularly notice the Count's jumping rhythmic piano—it's positively fascinating; then look for Lester Young's solo in *London*, Buck Clayton's bursting, crying trumpet, and Jo Jones' solid drumming and—Oh Joy! What a band! P. S. We don't want to take the wind out of our sails but the end of *Shuffle* becomes quite muddled. Jimmy Rushing's vocals offset any drawbacks.

Victor Briefs

Tommy Dorsey shows improvement through Yank Lawson's horn in *Ya Got Me*; *There's No Place Like Your Arms*. Maybe it's the weather but Edythe Wright doesn't sound so harsh—we even like her again. Hal Kemp does a good job on on *Bambina*. Maybe he should stick to tangos because the other side, *Monday Morning* lags a bit. *If I Love You More* is a typical good Kemp tune—not too much dressing. Larry Clinton waxes *You Never Know*; *At Long Last Love* prettily. He seems to have acquired a little more drive which was so lacking last time. Dame Rumor has it that the Mad Wolf Tannebaum and his sax have joined him. There's the difference in itself. *Zig Zag* is a recording of a number that Larry wrote while he was with Glen Gray and he does a better job than Gray did.

Disc Data

Teddy Wilson (Br.) along with Nan Wynn are excellent on *Laugh*

over, please

Morganstern's Esso Servicenter

EFFICIENT
AND
EXPERT
ATTENTION

CARS CALLED
FOR
AND
DELIVERED

Car Washing and Polishing

TWENTY-FOUR HOUR SERVICE

Broadway and Wyandotte

PHONE 9261

Howard R. Laufer

WE MAKE KEYS

Hardware, Glass

Furnaces and Roofing

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES

Phone 990

411 Wyandotte Street

SUTER'S DAIRY

Wholesale and Retail

PASTEURIZED WEYHILL

T. B. FARMS

TESTED CERTIFIED

MILK MILK

1437 Lorain Street

Phone 2627

Book Specials...

For a Limited Time Only

ALL AT
\$1.39 each

•

Alexis Carrell's
MAN THE UNKNOWN

•

A. J. Cronin
THE CITADEL

•

Lin Yutang
MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE

•

Were formerly
\$2.75 . . . \$3.75

•

The Supply Bureau

James
William
HARTMAN

Teacher of Singing

PREPARE for the Glee Club,
Chorus or choir with one who has
had the experience.

Years of experience as soloist and member
of University Glee club, professional quartets,
United Glee club and opera groups.

MODERN METHODS

MICROPHONE TRAINING

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE

PHONE 2604-J FOR AN AUDITION

STUDIOS:

647 Prospect Ave., Bethlehem
28 N. 6th St., Allentown

Disc Data . . .

from page nineteen

and *Call It Love*; *On The Bumpy Road to Love*. Especially catch the sax in the beginning of *Laugh*. Nan (Vo.) is delightful with her own band in *Lullaby in Rhythm*; *Monday Morning*. Here's a gal who's due to land herself a big spot soon. Mildred Bailey (Vo.) sings well and receives swell support from Red in *I Used To Be Color Blind*; *Love Is Where You Find It*. Mute trumpet in *Blind* outstanding. Gene Krupa (Br.) shows much improvement in drive and organization with *Anytime At All*; *My Own, Tutti Frutti*; *Jam On Toast*. Leo Watson is better and wackier than ever in *Tutti* and Irene Day relly proves that Gene has a vocalist now. Al Donahoe's chief claim to fame now is that he was selected as the representative swing band in the Westinghouse time capsule for the 1939 World's Fair. At any rate he isn't too bad in *Stop Beatin' Round The Mulberry Bush*; *Lambeth Walk*; *For No Rhyme or Reason*; *At Long Last Love* (Vo.)

Chick Webb (D) swings lightly with *Spinnin' The Webb*; *Wacky Dust*. Quite different from Chick's usual over-arranged stuff, and although it is not exceptional, it is good. Ditto Ella's vocal. Taft Jordan trumpet superb. Jimmy Dorsey (D) has a swell beginning and ending on *Yam* with some nifty breaks by Ray Bauduc, alto sating by Jim, and a piercing trumpet. Bob Eberle's dreamy vocal on *Change Partners* is literally the nuts. Bob Crosby's Bob Cats snarl in *Palestena*; *Slow Mood*, the latter a beautiful clow platter featuring Eddie Miller; Glen Gray's two sweet sides, *You Never Know*; *At Long Last Love* are very relaxed with Kenny Sargeant at the vocals. (D)

Slim and Slam (Vo.) the Flat Foot Floogers jump around quite a bit in *Jump Session*; *Vol Vist Du Gaily Star* or something.

•

Tom Bass
Custom Clothes
518 Main Street

Guns for Felipe . . .

from page twelve

as if Santanio has just cleaned up the Federals."

"Take it easy," I told him. "Felipe may be trying to draw us into some kind of a trap. Wait."

Somebody on shore lit a lantern, and I could see a group of silhouetted figures gathered about it in what appeared to be a council of war. We were downstream from this gathering and in a good position for a quick run to sea in case of a second attack. I wasn't sure what kind of a game the fellows on shore were playing, but the only way we could find out if there were the men who had contracted for the rifles was to ask, so I decided to risk our necks again.

"Hello, the shore," I shouted.

The lantern on shore went out with a faint tinkle of glass as somebody kicked it over. For perhaps a minute the jungle was quiet. Then a voice answered me.

"Who's that?"

We were in the question and answer game again. This time I was going to astound them with a burst of confidence.

"We have you covered with a machine gun, senors," I told them, "so let us have no tricks. I have some hifles here for Felipe Santanio. Let him step forward with a light if he is here."

I knew that Senor Santanio would sell his sainted aunt for a two centavo drink, and I wanted to have him where I could see him before I started any negotiations. There was a hurried buzz of consultation on shore and then a plaintive voice spoke out.

"But how do we know that you will not kill our leader if we allow him to show himself?"

"Start the engines," I said to Pedro, shaking my head violently at the same time. Pedro got the idea and switched on the starter without touching his throttle.

"Buenos noches, mis amigos," I shouted above the noise of the starter. "Wait," someone called.

I signalled with my hand to Pedro, and he opened the switch. The sound of the starter died away. "They must want those guns pretty badly," I murmured to Tony.

We had drifted out of earshot of the group on shore, but I knew that another conference was being held. We waited there in the black silence for about three minutes. Unexpectedly a flickering yellow spot flashed

Under New Management**HOME COOKING**

and

HOME MADE PIES

at

The Modern Diner**Fourth and Broadway**

(Opposite Union Bank)

**Hotel
Wyandotte****GOOD FOOD AT
REASONABLE PRICES****Special Luncheon . . . 35c****Dinners . . . 45c to 85c****Fourth Street at Wyandotte****Sam's
Service Station**

- OILING and GREASING
- TIRE REPAIRING
- AUTO LAUNDRY

We Call For and Deliver Cars

**Third and Northampton
Streets****Phone 2137****DECORATIONS**

and

CORSAGES**PRICED REASONABLY****D. M. GOLDBERG****Florist****17 West Broad Street****Phone 2054-J****Jelly Roll Morton . . .**

from page eleven

entirely to Jelly Roll's playing until at the finish of the number she broke into an impromptu dance routine, tossing her dress high and revealing a shapely pair of legs topped by a very scant pair of pinkies.

At present Mr. Morton is connected with a project conducted by the Library of Congress to compile and preserve the important and typical works of the writers and dispensers of America's music. As he was telling us about it he naively commented, "Besides Mozart, more has been written about me than any other musician." In the course of the discussion he mentioned an old record of his which he had been unable to get, and Bill, thinking it might be among his extensive collection invited us up to his room to look them over and listen to any which might interest him.

We decided to leave after his next number. Our shapely songstress being absorbed in some friends at a nearby table, he had a chance to demonstrate his ability unhampered by competition. As he played he identified the different styles he employed, jazztime, ragtime, stomp, Dixieland, while commenting on the particular musician using each style; Cleo Brown, Bob Zurke, Teddy Wilson and Fats Waller were a few he mentioned.

Our host's willingness to talk fostered by our evident interest in both himself and his subject led to a continuation of his musical reminiscences which lasted throughout the drive to the hotel.

Once in Bill's room, however, and from the time the first phrases of ragtime rhythm flowed from the machine, he had very little to say. His face settled into an expression of rapt — almost reverent — attention. He hardly moved, until about two in the morning, we decided it was time to end our recording session.

His favorite orchestra is Bob Crosby's, for, as he says, Bob comes nearer than any of them to playing the styles he originated. He thinks Goodman is mechanical; Ellington is no real musician; Chick Webb's drumming is just a lot of noise, circus style; Krupa is an exhibitionist, clever, but not a real backer; Earl Hines plays one of his (Jelly Roll's) styles successfully, otherwise he's cornfed; Louis Armstrong has some good men, but they can't play together; Art Tatum plays a good ragtime, but as far as real jazz is concerned, he doesn't play

over, please

**IF
YOU
MISS
HOME
COOKING
TRY**

**CLAUSE'S
AMERICAN
RESTAURANT****627 Main****King Coal
Company****Old Company's Lehigh**

S A L E S	A N D	S E R V I C E	The Electric Furnace-Man Automatic Coal Stoker
-----------------------	-------------	---------------------------------	---

Let Us Give You an Estimate on
Converting Your Present
Heating Plant

**"We Sell the Best
Coal Mined"**

**Be Modern
Save Money**

Phones: 1047 - 2923

In Bethlehem It's

TRIMBLE

for

**Fruit and Produce
Fish and Oysters**

115-119 West Third Street

—We Cater to Fraternities—

The Royal Restaurant

- SODA FOUNTAIN
- MEAL TICKETS
- 24 HOUR SERVICE

7 West Fourth Street



The place where the Annual Fraternity Bowling and Pool competitions are held. The only regulation pool tables in town.

COLONIAL Bowling Alleys

40 West Broad
Next to Boyd Theatre

PHONE 9165

ASK FOR STEVE

Jelly Roll Morton . . .

from page twenty-one

a piano; Teddy Wilson has a pleasing technique, but his single finger work is not real jazz; Bob Zurke and Father Hines are the only other true jazz pianists in the country. You may not agree with his viewpoints, but the fact that he is a great jazz pianist and has been in the music game since his earthly youth, lends weight to his opinions.

Bill and I dropped in to see him again a few nights later. There were only a few customers this time, and all but two or three drifted out when he disconnected the nickelodeon and began to play for us. As he watched them go he said, "I don't like an open place like this — too many bums. I'd rather play a place with a cover."

But he soon forgot the present as he played; jazztime, ragtime, old tunes, new tunes, waltzes, tangos, sentimental melodies, classical favorites — all with equal and remarkable facility. We hadn't really heard him play until that night. The longer he played the more appealing his music became. When, long after one, we saw that he was beginning to tire, we asked for one more song, a real blues — something in a mood. He closed his eyes and began playing. At the beginning the bass was predominant, soft, yet full and wonderfully toned, in a minor key, the repeating phrase varied occasionally following some sad melody. The treble blended perfectly, ranging widely, but never disturbing the mood created by the minor chords of the bass. We were conscious of nothing but the beautiful, haunting strains of the musical sorrows of an old Negro. When it was ended, he opened his eyes and waited for our comment. There was nothing we could say. Finally Bill asked what he had named it.

"I don't know," he said. "It ain't got no name."

Visit
The **PIONEER
TAP ROOM**
HISTORIC MURALS by GEORGE GRAY
Stuart E. Hockenbury **200 ROOMS**
manager
HOTEL BETHLEHEM
BETHLEHEM • PENNA.
AMERICAN HOTELS CORPORATION
J. LESLIE KIMCAID, President

FOULSHAM

T
H
E

F
L
O
R
I
S
T

Phone 576

230 CHEROKEE STREET



...AND

Caesar Said:

"Yes, Marc, fountain luncheons are the modern way. More and better food for the money, you see. All the crowd's eating now at Young's. You've never tasted such delicious food as they're serving there."

Right you are, Caesar!

**Young's
Drug Stores**

Fourth and Broadway
Broad and Main
Broad and Second

The Alumni...

UNIVERSITY catalogues, entrance blanks, letters from the admissions office. Impressively illustrated and printed brochures from the University . . . "By Their Works . . ." Look at Grace, look at Girdler, look at the Empire State Building, look at the San Francisco Bay Bridge, look at McClintick, look at Marshall, look (even if he didn't graduate) at Richard Harding Davis, LOOK, kid, you've gotta, you've just gotta come to Lehigh . . .

That's the first inkling (unless there is a Lehigh taint in the family) the prospective Lehigh undergraduate gets of that carefully nurtured natural phenomenon — the alumni.

By the time he becomes a student and is at last reconciled to the hard lot of the freshman he's probably forgotten the whole thing as a bad dream. But the week-end of the big game brings him to with a jolt. Homecoming. And the plaster saint, the titan of industry, the genius of commerce, the much touted alumnus incarnate turns out to be just a mild-mannered, back-slapping, glad-handing, superfluously vocal, middle-aged executive or white collar man trying oh so hard to be, if only for this one happy week-end, just one of the boys again.

The alumnus goes back to his fraternity. — This was my room, he says to the student occupying it. — Somehow . . . it's changed . . . there were pennants . . . and over the . . . and where is the loving cup we won in intramural tug-of-war? . . . and . . .

He tours the campus, sighs sentimentally at the old buildings which he recalls, stares incredulously at the new ones, drops in to see old Baldy at the whoozis department . . . — Remember me? . . . haven't changed a bit . . . yes, I remember that . . . I always thought I deserved an A . . . ha, ha . . . well, nicetohaveseenyouagain . . . s'long . . .

He looks up the old hangout, and perhaps finds it transformed into apartments or a grocery store . . . and ends up at Joe Kinney's where . . . Why Tom, youoldsonofagunhow've youbeen . . . remember old Hawkeye Johnson? wonderwhathe's doinnow . . . no, I'll pay for the drinks . . . remember . . . remember . . .

And at the football game itself he sits as near the rooting section as possible in his perfect Homburg and

50 dollar suit . . . his field glasses hanging from his neck . . . a Kodak or perhaps even a small cine camera with which to recapture . . . and perhaps the small bottle in his pocket . . . just like the old days . . . and he cheers the team loudly in approved sophomoric fashion . . . and buys a pennant and a hot dog and a program and peanuts . . . Come on Lehigh! . . . And that night at the house or hotel or prof's home he dances and drinks and plays and tries hard to be a sport and a good fellow..

After the undergrad has been in school a year or two or three some of the boys whom he knew and studied with have graduated and assumed the purple mantle of alumnus. That status now, to the undergrad, assumes some reality, a basis in fact, and on homecoming day some of the alumni will be not just faces, but friends. When that happens, he begins to feel old and to think of graduation, death, marriage, and other calamities.

If he polishes his apples with sufficient diligence and has a modicum of luck he does eventually graduate. He becomes a member at large of the great world-sprawling fraternity. He is — an alumnus. Then, I suppose (for I don't know yet), he can best understand and most heartily sympathize with genus alumnus . . . because, in a manner of speaking, one is one, and one shuts one's mouth in self protection.

—L. C. S.

Guns for Felipe . . .

from page twenty

up on the jungle wall near the place where we had last seen our customers. I took a pair of binoculars from their place beside the wheel and trained them on the spot. A ragged peon stood holding a flaring torch

over his head, and I saw a short, stout man with a little pointed moustache step into the light. It was Felipe Santanio, self-declared president of Cordavia. He waved his hand in a friendly gesture toward the darkness where he supposed we were.

"Go forward and drop the anchor," I told Tony. "Have Jose cover his gun with a tarpaulin and tell him to wait next to it."

As Tony moved off toward the bow, I cupped my hands around my mouth and shouted at the gold braided general.

"Come aboard, Felipe," I wanted to have him on the ship before we started talking business just to prevent nonsense.

"Won't you come ashore," he shouted back. If he once got me on shore in the thick of his crew of cut-throats, I'd be as safe as a rabbit among wolves. I trusted that little cherub about as far as I could throw my schooner, and he held me in the same high esteem.

"I'll send a boat," I shouted back; disregarding his hospitable request. Tony and Jose had the anchor over and the chain clanked through the pipe as they paid out.

"Take the dinghy," I said to Pedro, "and bring that fat slob aboard. Don't let him bring more than two of his pals." Pedro nodded and turned to our small boat swung on davits from the stern. He unlashed it quickly, lowered it to the water, and dropped into it lightly. He cast off, unshipped his oars, and rowed into the darkness.

Tony lit a lantern and hung it in the starboard shrouds to give Pedro a mark to row for when he came back. Tony was careful to keep himself out of the light. The river breeze had swung us around so that we pointed upstream, and the yellow sheen cast on the water by the torch

over, please

STUDENT LUNCHES . . .

. . . See Our Viso-Draft Beer System

Tally-Ho Tavern

205 West Fourth

(Opposite Globe-Times)



N Meet Me at
 O Mingo's Cafe
 C Third and New Streets
 O FLOOR SHOW and
 V DANCE
 E Every Night
 R

N
 O
 M
 I
 N
 I
 M
 U
 M

New Merchants Hotel

C. S. Walter



Florist

Flowers for All Occasions
Special Rates for Group Orders

Corsages a Specialty

Phone 17 817 Seneca Street

WEIDNER'S SERVICE STATION

GULF GAS and OIL

Firestone Tires and Accessories

Corner Broadway and Carlton
Avenues

BETHLEHEM NATIONAL BANK

**OFFERS ITS BANKING
FACILITIES TO THE
STUDENTS OF LEHIGH
UNIVERSITY**

Third and Adams

Member of
Federal Reserve Bank

Member of
Federal Deposit Insurance
Corporation

Guns for Felipe . . .

from page twenty

now showed off our starboard bow. I could no longer hear the creak of Pedro's oars, and I figured that he should be almost to Felipe. Pedro had a pair of shoulders that would do credit to a bull ape and he could make a dinghy go.

I got out the binoculars again and took a look at the general. There were about three more braid spangled officers clustered around him, all nodding their heads sagaciously. In the darkness behind this group I saw flashes and silvery glints as if men with bayoneted rifles were moving about. The trusting Santanio had prepared a reception committee. As I watched, I saw two soldiers, in the usual nondescript costume of the army of freedom, step into the light supporting a man in clothes that were hardly rags. Even at that distance I could see that the man looked as if he had been dragged through all the swamps within miles. The four officers all clustered around the mud smeared man, leaning over him as if with great interest. After two or three minutes the soldiers took the man away, and the group was left alone on the bank. They seemed highly agitated and they waved their hands with extravagant abandon. Something of major importance must have happened, and each of the men on the bank seemed to be offering Felipe a solution to the problem.

Suddenly all their movements stopped. They looked toward the river for a moment, and then they stepped out of the light and left the lone private holding the torch. It looked like a trick of some kind to me, but before I could make a move, Pedro pulled into the lighted area on the water. The officers must have been surprised by the sound of the rowlocks and stepped back to protect their valuable skins, for as soon as they saw who it was in the boat, they stepped into the light again and hailed Pedro with outstretched arms. To see them gesticulate you would think that he was a long lost uncle returning with money bags loaded with silver dollars.

Pedro turned the dinghy around on its heel with a heave on the oars and brought the boat up to the shore stern first. The taller of the three aides stepped into the boat and then helped the general to lower his portly frame down the bank. A second officer stepped in, and the last mem-

ber of the quartet was just feeling for the stern of the boat when Pedro moved it away. The three men in the boat were angry about their comrade on shore and made threatening gestures at Pedro, but he had the oars and rowed out into the river.

The soldiers with the torch and the aide on shore walked back into the jungle, and the light faded out of sight in the thick undergrowth. My binoculars seemed to be filled with the thick black of the night. The darkness crushed around the ship with an almost physical pressure. Even the lamp in the shrouds had to struggle against this enveloping pall.

Tony stood beside me again, his rifle still under his arm. I lifted my gun from the deck and handed it to him.

"Stow these," I told him, "but be ready to use your automatic in a hurry." He stepped down the companionway, and I heard him click the rifles into their racks. I stood beside the wheel, listening for Pedro's oars. Then I heard it. At first the sound was so faint that I thought I was imagining it, but it grew louder as the boat came closer. Creak, creak, creak, creak, was all I could hear, and then it was creak and dip, creak and dip, creak and dip, with an unrelenting monotony.

There was a pause in the rhythm. Pedro must have stopped rowing to get his bearings from our light. He started pulling again. Tony came up from below and stood at my side. We waited. The sound of the oars stopped, there was a little flurry of splashes as Pedro held water to swing his boat, and I heard a gentle bump against the starboard quarter. Leisely, as befitted a shipmaster, I stepped to the binnacle and put my back against it. I fixed my face in a friendly smile and got ready to welcome my guests.

Tony jumped to the ship's side like a well trained seaman. A thickly gold-encrusted officer's cap appeared on a level with the deck and a red, flushed face was hoisted into view as the chubby general labored up the ladder from the boat. Tony showed quick sense here. Instead of putting his hand under the general's arm and heaving him up, he snapped into a stiff salute. If Tony had tried to help the little man, Santanio would have been insulted to the depths of his sensitive Latin nature. The bristling president returned the salute with the nonchalance that he thought indi-

EPISODE IN HISTORY

from page four.

Benes is a liar, liar, liar, liar . . .

..People of Czechoslovakia, you must remain calm . . . you must not be afraid . . . remain in your homes. . . we are faced with a stronger power . . . our country must remain free . . . listen to your president . . . France and England will help us . . . France and England, France and England, France and England.

At home his father was stacking hay, making hay while the sun shines. Perhaps his father was listening to the radio. He would be more afraid than angry, afraid that his son might be one of many marching men, one of many bodies rotting on a field. Five thousand miles away from the little German. Three thousand miles away from the nearest gas-mask supply depot. Three thousand miles away in 1917, too. But the Lusitania was sunk and Belgium babies were being murdered and women were being spitted

on German bayonets. And there was the Mademoiselle from Armentiers . .

..There won't be any peace in the world until they get rid of that mad dog and his whole thievin' bunch of butchers. Two divisions of Yankees could wipe them off the face of the map. The rest of them might be yellow but as soon as our boys got over there, they'd lick the hell out o' them . . . Yer damm' right they would. They'd knock the bejesus out of them . . . Sure, that's right. If it wasn't for my job I'd be over there right now . . .

We have a box of assorted Life Savers for the best gag sent in this month. Let's see your stuff.



CONVENIENT PUL-TAB
FOR EASY OPENING



MORAL:

Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let refreshing Life Savers sweeten your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

"SHURE AND HIS PIPE DISTURBED TH' PEACE!"



"MARRY ME, MARY?" But before she could answer, Frank's gooey-smelling pipe floored her. She just couldn't stand that strong, rancid tobacco. But Murphy saved the day!



"FAITH AND BEDAD! Clean that pipe and fill up with my Sir Walter—the most fragrant blend of extra-mild burleys ever put in a 2-ounce tin!" So he did, and she said "yes."

SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday night, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.



MILITARY OBJECTIVE!

TIME was when the only part children were allowed to play in war was to give up certain food their little bodies needed so that the troops could have it.

That was in the unenlightened days before airplanes and delayed-fuse bombs.

Now the kiddies are permitted to die just like their daddies. *Today* they are *military objectives* to be blown to bits by bombs, to be buried in the ruins of their schools, to be raked by machine-gun fire as they cling to their

mothers' skirts.

Thus, the world progresses. Thus, the science of mass-production murder becomes more proficient. Thus, war loses its last vestige of so-called "glamour."

With slaughter of these innocents an admitted part of military strategy, war can no longer be condoned by any sane and decent person. Yet many people still shake their heads hopelessly and say: "What can I do? How can I prevent war?"

Next time you tuck your youngster

into his crib look at him and see if your heart will accept such a defeatist attitude. Rather, accept this truth — that if enough people say: "There must be no more war!", there *will* be no more war!

World Peaceways is a non-profit, non-crank organization that has made definite progress in maintaining peace and is determined to do more. We need help — *your* help. Why not sit down right now and drop us a line? Write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

Guns for Felipe . . .

from page twenty

cated a great man.

Felipe's round face burst into a broad, toothy smile when he saw me. His little pointed moustache ends leaped up in the air, and he rushed toward me with outstretched arms. I was in for an old fashioned Spanish hugging session. I only hoped he would leave out the kisses on both cheeks. He seized me, and while I listened to his words about what a good friend I was to him, I watched his two aides climb the ladder. I noticed that Pedro and Tony unobtrusively arranged themselves behind the officers in the most advantageous positions for the use of the black-jacks that they carried in their sleeves. They were good men.

I put my hands on Felipe's shoulders and held him off as if with affection but really to have him where I could watch him. I knew he had a knife on him somewhere.

"Mi amigo," I said simply, letting my voice break.

He pretended to fall for that gag. "I am so very, very glad to see you," he sobbed, clasping my hands.

I knew that he was trying to figure out some devilment, but I

couldn't see what he was planning, so I kept on with the acting.

"The miles I have come are nothing when I know that I have the honor of doing you a favor." That was a gentle hint to let him know that I wanted to get down to business.

"My lack of gold has not worried me for I know that my great hearted friend would be with me soon," he smiled. That was to point out the fact that he didn't plan to let me have much for my rifles. This was going too far, so I started to head him off and do without the rest of the preliminaries.

"We could talk in more comfort below," I said to him, pointing to the companionway with my courtliest gesture.

"What is comfort when I am in the company of such a true friend?" Felipe asked. He used his words the way a practiced swordsman uses a rapier.

He preceded me into the cabin where a single lamp swung slowly in gimbals above the table. The two aides and Tony and Pedro followed me. My men stood beside the door by the arms rack, their backs against the rifles. Felipe sat at one side of the table and his pals arranged themselves to his left and right.

"El capitan, my true friend, must

sit beside me," Santanio barked at one aide. The fellow stood up to move, but I saw through the trick and waved him back.

"Don't trouble yourself," I said. I'll be quite all right where I am." The quick thinking general thought that he could box me in between himself and his officer, but luckily I had kept awake.

My suspicions that the fight on shore was a planned affair and that the first soldiers that we had come in contact with were Santanio's hirelings were intensified.

"We had some trouble in the jungle just before you arrived," the general said in the tone of a back fence gossip. "We ran into a patrol of Federals on the river bank and wiped them out. I hope they didn't trouble you."

"Yes," I answered carelessly, "we had a little trouble earlier in the evening. It was probably with that patrol that you mention."

"Nothing serious, I hope," he said. He was too solicitous to be speaking honestly. This all seemed to be part of some kind of a plot and I knew that I would have to keep my eyes open.

"No, it was really nothing at all," I told him, shaking my head.

The older of the general's two aides pulled out a watch that looked like a gold-plated egg, snapped open the case, looked at it, and whispered in Santanio's ear. Tony nearly broke up the party right there. He had his gun half out of its holster before he saw that the aide wasn't pulling a bomb from his pocket.

"My friend," said the general, leaning across the table in a confidential manner, "you have brought the guns as requested?"

"Why, yes," I replied. This was the first time any of my South American customers had ever started to get down to business without talking about this and that for half an hour or so. "You're in some kind of a tough spot, Felipe," I thought.

"And you will sell them at the usual price?" he went on hurriedly.

"Well," I hesitated. I had hoped to be able to get more for the rifles than I had been promised.

"I will be frank with you," the general said in an excited tone, spreading his hands in front of him as if opening his heart to me. "I have just enough money to pay the contracted price. And I must have the rifles."

(To be concluded in the
November Issue)

DRINKING

Golden Guernsey Milk

A Good Health Habit

AMERICA'S CHOICE TABLE MILK

Deep Cream Line
Appetizing Flavor

Rich Below Cream Line
Unvarying Quality

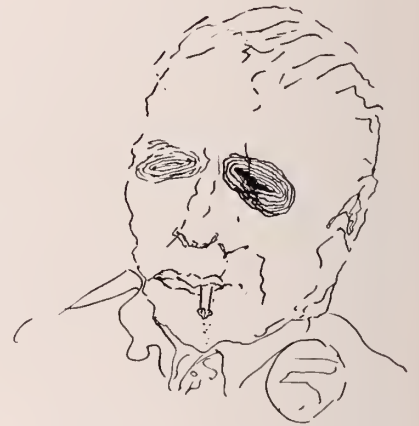
Ask for MOWRER'S ICE CREAM Every Time



Phone 4236

Freshman Faces...

by Stanford Guggenheim



1. High School
Class President

2. Ready Wit,
Self-Panicker

3. Hmm . . .
Last Night?

4. Phi Beta Kappa,
Honor Societies

5. Sure, I play
Football

6. So this is
College?

Our Shirt Service Is Our Pride and Joy

Your shirt receives the same personal attention in our laundry that it would at home. Possibly you like an informal shirt without stiffness in any part. Possibly you prefer a semi-starched shirt. Then again you may like a fully starched shirt. Your personal note sent with your laundry will insure that you get your shirts finished just as you like them. Your shirts will be brighter, whiter, and wear longer when they are laundered by our scientific, Certified Method.

Mending? But of course.
Price? Ask the man who knows us.
Where? The Electric Laundry.
Phone 36 or contact your representative.

Where to go

Before

During



and

After

Top Hat

Joe Kinney

*A new smoking pleasure
for millions*



Up-to-the-minute...
mild ripe tobaccos and
pure cigarette paper ...
the best ingredients a
cigarette can have ...

*that's why more and more smokers are turning to
Chesterfield's refreshing mildness and better taste*

They Satisfy ..millions

